

Another Painful Goodbye by prettyboiiharrington

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Summary:

anonymous — James anon again, just wanted to say happy almost birthday!!!! Also I would love if you wanted to expand on the au where billy fucks off to santa monica but still calls steve all the time bc he's weak (which I mean, I'm also weak for Steve Harrington, so I totally get it), it sounds like such a good au!!! Also the visual imagery of heavily pregnant billy fighting demodogs is. Just. Thank you for that, which is my life ❤️❤️❤️

Another Painful Goodbye

Billy begs for Steve, sobbing the entire time he's in labor. His aunt and her mate, Pamela, hold him steady and comfort him the best they can, but everything hurts. His son, *their* son is perfect, and just like most white babies, he comes out with blue eyes, but he has shaggy brown hair, way more than most babies do, and his eyes are shaped like Steve's. He's got cute little dimples, a button nose, and the chubbiest little cheeks. The only thing about his son that looks like Billy are his big ears and his blue eyes; he finds himself praying that his eyes will change to that beautiful chocolate brown he's come to love.

Every second spent in the hospital is bittersweet. If he's not holding his son he feels hollow.

He doesn't expect Steve's call, knows he shouldn't answer it, but his aunt went home to shower and grab some things and Pamela is in the cafeteria grabbing herself some food. Billy's feeding his son and he's alone and scared and he's just had to do this all without Steve. He needs to hear his alpha's voice.

"H-hey Stevie," he doesn't realize how dry his throat is until he speaks, each word sounding strained.

"You alright??" Billy ignores the concern, letting his voice wrap around him like a warm blanket.

Billy's mind is foggy. He knows he's tired and sore, knows he wishes he was back home in his bed. He doesn't know that the bed he's thinking of is Steve's and not his own, doesn't realize how much that desire should hurt, and he certainly doesn't realize he shouldn't be having this conversation.

"He's perfect," Billy muses, looking down at their son. He can barely keep his eyes open, he's going to need Pamela's help when she gets back so that the baby can be put back in his bassinet and they can both get some rest. He doesn't trust himself to stand up on his own just yet, otherwise he'd do it himself. "He looks just like you," he sighs dreamily.

"Billy, are you alright?? You don't sound too good," *you sound high* is what he means to say, but there's something about Billy's words that doesn't sit right with him. He wonders if something's wrong.

"Just tired, been a long day," it was worth it though, God was it worth it.

In that moment Pamela comes in with some water, two Gatorades, and her weight in chips. She eats enough to keep up with Billy and that's saying something. It takes her a minute to notice the phone, but then she looks at him, confused.

"Now I know that's not your aunt 'cause she just called me to tell you to get your ass in bed, as if you've fucking moved, right ?? Guess she was speaking figuratively," Pam shrugs, opening up a bag of Doritos and raising a curious brow. "So, who is it, Prince Charming ??"

"Mm, Steve is pretty dreamy," Steve can't help but smile at that, but he'd heard Pamela and now he's curious as to why Billy's been exiled to his room, or rather why he hasn't left bed to begin with. He hears a distant beeping, and then something that sounds like a voice over an intercom, but then it registers. Hospital, Billy's in a hospital. His heart starts pounding in his chest.

"Billy, are you alright ??"

Billy doesn't answer right away, and Steve knows why. He can hear Pamela trying to persuade him to get off the phone. "You didn't want him to know remember ?? Maybe you should talk to him later, when you're feeling better."

"Yeah, yeah you're right. Hey Stevie?"

Steve knows what's coming, knows the inevitable goodbye, that this call, just like all the others, is going to end before he's ready.

"Just tell me you're alright," he begs, holding his breath. It has to be bad if Billy won't tell him, or maybe it's nothing, maybe he's visiting some new friend that's sick, or it's such a miniscule injury that it's not worth mentioning. Still, it's not like Billy to keep him out of the loop; the thought of secrets between them makes his chest hurt.

"I'm perfect, hell I'm better than perfect," he can hear the smile in Billy's voice and that both comforts him and makes the ache all the more unbearable.

Steve opens his mouth to say something, but in typical Billy fashion, he interjects before Steve can even try to speak and says something better than anything Steve would've come up with.

"I love you, I'm *always* gonna love you."

It's a promise Steve needs to hear.

"Yeah, I love you too Billy, always," he hears Billy breathe a sigh of relief, can somehow hear that it's laced with guilt. Billy doesn't hide his insecurities as well as he thinks. Steve knows he thinks he's holding him back. He'll find a way to change that someday.

"Talk to you tomorrow ??"

"I'll be waiting by the phone," Steve's got this goofy smile, and if Billy could see the dreamy look in his eyes, his heart just might stop. "I'll talk to you later baby."

"Bye."

It's short, pained. They both hate this part; every ending to a phone call feels like the day he packed his shit up and kissed Steve goodbye before driving out of Hawkins for good. It makes them both feel sick.

The last thing Steve hears before hanging up is a baby whining.

Then it hits him.

He looks just like you.